NAPANEE BEAVER.

NAPANEE, ONT., SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1880.

KNOW THYSELF.

1880.

NEW CASH GROCERY STORE,

MEMOO HOUSE, NAPANEE.

Newest and Freshest Goods,

AT THE LOWEST LIVING PRICES.

Don't be out of cash. Remember the stand, Corner Dundas, Bridge Street.

C. O. F. LAMOE.

NOTICE.

All parties indebted to the Estate of

E. HOOPER & SONS

Will please settle same the Notes and Book Accounts have been placed in my hands for collection, and payment must be made at once to

W. P. HALL.

Napanee, March 27th, 1880. 1662

FARMERS, LOOK OUT!

All parties requiring

DRAIN TILE

will do well to call early at

STEVENSON'S MILL YARD.

Owing to last season's cut, winter was dry, and our supply of wood, so we think we can supply the trade with tile at reasonable rates. Orders may be left at POST OFFICE or mill. 1662

SEASONED LUMBER, SCANTLING, &c., always on hand. All left hauled can be either at Napanee Mill.

Apply as now and at Stevenson's Mill, east of town.

W. P. HALL.

NAPANEE BOOK BINDERY.

FOTHER N. HAM

informs the public that he has opened The Napanee Book Bindery in the

HUFFMAN BLOCK,

Where he is prepared to bind in all styles of

Books, Magazines, Law Reports, Periodicals, &c., &c.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

REPAIRING done neatly and cheaply. Orders solicited.

Huffman's Block, second floor, right side of Bank. 15

FARMERS!

WORKINGMEN, PROFESSIONAL MEN, AND EVERY MAN,

who wants to avoid the fatigue and misery of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Loss of Appetite, Nervousness, Low Spirits, Blood Impurities, Kidney Complaints, Female Weakness, Piles, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Nervous Prostration, Fever and Ague, Malaria, Blood Poisoning, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Boils, Pimples, Blotches, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Scald Head, Sore Eyes, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Influenza, Diphtheria, Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Bowels, Nerves, Skin, Scalp, Bones, Muscles, Joints, Glands, Womb, Bladder, Rectum, Urinary Organs, Sexual Organs, Infantile Diseases, Female Complaints, Hereditary Taints, Consumption, Scurvy, Dropsy, Erysipelas, Fever and Ague, Malaria, Blood Poisoning, Scrofula, Boils, Pimples, Blotches, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Scald Head, Sore Eyes, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Influenza, Diphtheria, Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Bowels, Nerves, Skin, Scalp, Bones, Muscles, Joints, Glands, Womb, Bladder, Rectum, Urinary Organs, Sexual Organs, Infantile Diseases, Female Complaints, Hereditary Taints, Consumption, Scurvy, Dropsy,

USE VITALINE

IN ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE KIDNEYS Send by all Druggists. Price, $1 per bottle.

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO. Toronto.

MILLER'S BARBER SHOP.

The undersigned informs his friends and the public that he has

Purchased the Barber Shop of Wm. Templeton,

and will hereafter carry on the business in first-class style in all its branches.

Next Door East of Tichborne House.

JAMES MILLER. 1662

CAUTION.

LACK PLUG OF THE

MYRTLE NAVY!

IS MARKED

T. & B.

IN BRONZE LETTERS.

NONE OTHER GENUINE.

PARKDALE NURSERIES.

A large quantity of

FIRST-CLASS APPLE TREES AT LOW RATES

By the Hundred or Thousand.

and a choice stock of

CANADIAN GROWN TREES & SHRUBS

Catalogues furnished. Terms easy.

T. & C. DAVIS' COLUMN.

I wish to address all whom it may concern, that I represent the Confederation Life Association, and not any other Company or Office. Persons insuring with me will receive the same attention as if insuring in the Head Office, Toronto. Parties wishing to insure will please call at my office, Bridge Street, Napanee, or address me by letter, and I will call on them. Remember

ACTIVITY

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1880.

THERE are some indications that a more prosperous era is drawing upon us. The revenue for customs, from the six principal commercial cities of the dominion, Toronto, Montreal, Halifax, London, Hamilton and St. Johns, for the month of April, 1880, shows the gratifying increase of $222,753, over the receipts of last April, and the inland revenue receipts for the same cities for the same period a SIMILARITY in excess of the returns for the corresponding period last year. There is somethme that will fill a pipe for a comfortable smoke, for some of the cheerful prophets that foresaw the utter ruin of the country by the handful N. P.

At present there are good times in the United States, and there are a great demand for Canadian workmen. A correspondent ingeniously explains the condition of things by the ingenious theory, that the Republican party are at the bottom of the tremendous prosperity the country is enjoying. The interests of republicans are bound up with the Republican party, and they are anxious to secure the votes of their employees for the approaching Chicago convention for the presidency For this reason there is a desire to make work plenty and wages high, till after the elections at least. There may be some force in this, but it must be borne in mind that there is a great deal of general prosperity in American circles, and that by a combination of the two, there arises a boom of prosperity which will be an advantage to the Republican party, as it is an admitted fact that there is no better card for a government wanting good or bad, to go to the country with than good times prosperity to back it.

HON. GEORGE BROWN.

Since the dastardly attempt on the life of this eminent Gentleman, by the Brantford loafer, Bowser, his condition has been a matter of anxiety to the country, and no little wonder has been expressed that so slight a flesh wound would lead to such dangerous consequences, for the life of the Senator is in danger, and the most confident are hoping against hope. A correspondent of a contemporary for whose gentlemen of the senate that led to his present condition.

"All reported that in a short time Mr. Brown would be as well as ever, and able to appear in court against his would-be assassin. This, it is said, was the position to be rather restless under his confinement, and probably compelled him to use greater liberties with himself in the way of his bed than his doctors and nursing friends than was quite prudent in circumstances. He was also said to be buoyant, feeling little or no pain or weakness. His great vitality and strong energy led him to believe that he could safely accomplish what others in similar circumstances would not dare to attempt in the case of. Of course, all of this had eventually upon his strength, and the subsequent supervision of the wound added to the drill of time and increased the weakness of the nervous system. Nervous debility more affected him internally, interfering as it did with his sleep and exhausting his powers of endurance. In this way his recognizably great physique soon eventually gave out, and though there have always been intermittent seasons of rewards, yet upon the whole there has been for a good while past a steady going down. And undoubtedly official report to the anxiety of his attendants that death was a mere question of time, unless such a change should take place as to set the vital forces at full disposal of the system. It is gratifying to the good sense and kindly feeling of the country to notice how generous is the deep and friendly interest evinced in Mr. Brown's affliction, and the hearty, wide-spread sympathy with his family and relatives. In such a long and active career his friends, Mr. Brown has provided a good deal of very feeling and sincere, but a few years ago, to say on suddenly word will not be heard from a single person, in some way, or the other, of his or severely, and speak of it with as deep emotion as if it were his own. You would think that he had never met with a man with the appearance of very many is as it they had treated, or were about to treat, him most unkindly deserved, friend. I don't mean to apply to the gentlemen of the party anything a simple and generally recognized fact.

Burnt to Death.

TWO CHILDREN SET SIDE TO A HOUSE AND PERISH IN THE FLAMES.

CHATHAM, Ont., May 4.—The morning two little children, a son and a daughter of Mr. Wm. Carter, residing about three miles from here, were burned to death in their father's house. It appears, from a statement of the little daughter, a girl of about eight years of age, that one of the children lighted a piece of birch bark and threw it into a wood box, which immediately ignited. They were so frightened that they left themselves up in an adjoining room. The girl, after ineffectual efforts to get them out, caught out the youngest child and ran to tell her parents, who were at some distance from the house, but when they arrived, reaching the scene of the conflagration, that all their efforts to save the children were in vain.

Sr. JOHN N. B., May 4.—In the parish of Portland last night two children of Ogy and Charlotte Kerr were in a building partly filled with straw, which caught fire. One of them, a girl aged 3 years, was burned to death. The other escaped.

Another number let of those lovely new prints of Mr. Fenwick's Studio, Bond Street, Toronto. Mr. Fenwick has a fine Display for Sale Cheap.

Dr. Hamilton, Dentist, Dundas Street, Toronto, has left his office.

Mr. Fenwick, of Bond Street, Toronto, possesses the finest Studio in the Dominion.

Mr. Fenwick, of Bond Street, Toronto, has the finest Display for Sale cheap.

Regular Fleeter.

The Regular Fleeter of the Dominion Line of Steamships will leave Liverpool for Quebec and Montreal on the 15th inst. Passengers can be booked to Liverpool, Londonderry, Glasgow, Belfast, Dublin, Queenstown, London, Paris, Hamburg, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Bremen, Havre, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Gothenburg, Malmo, Hull, Leith, Aberdeen, Dundee, Cardiff, Swansea, Bristol, Plymouth, Cork, Queenstown, Limerick, Galway, Sligo, Londonderry, Belfast, Dublin, Glasgow, Greenock, Oban, Stranraer, Portrush, Portstewart, Ballycastle, Portmagee, Valentia, Berehaven, Kinsale, Fishguard, Milford Haven, Pembroke Dock, Tenby, Carmarthen, Llanelly, Newport

MONEY TO LOAN.

$30,000.00 TO LOAN

ON FARM & TOWN PROPERTY

Mortgages purchased.

F. H. HINDE,
Barrister, &c., Napanee.

Henry A Ben's Bookstore. tdly

Grand Trunk Railway.

On and after September 30th, 1889, trains will run as follows:

Napanee Express	...	A.M. 8.30
Napanee Express	...	P.M. 2.45
Napanee Express	...	P.M. 7.30

Napanee Beaver.

Terms: Two Dollars per annum.

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1890.

Good turned posts for $0.75 at Sweezey & Laid's Undertaking very cheap at

Fireworks. Top Buggies for sale (second-hand) Bedford.

Sponges and many years experience in ... a good supply of Sponges and will guarantee nothing.

The Springfield Tree and Supporter ... Napanee and stop at the ... Tuesday, May 13th, and ... will be on hand to refit the regular fit cannot hold.

M. E. Conference.

... meeting of the Isle of Quinte ... of the M. E. Church, being at ... Tuesday next, May 13th ... Methodist Mission Rooms.

Rev. "Hosh" Boorman, ... Bridge, both Sunday ... Trinity ... Thursday ... Wharf, Bath.

Try us ... ...

(Continued from next page.)

Almost in terror, Gertrude turned to the boudoir, right at the door of which she had lived seven years in an intimacy of confidence and affection which, during the last three years, had been somewhat interrupted by the absorbing claims of courtship as well as of love. Now—three months after the brilliant wedding ceremony which, shortly before the late lamented death, had begun to be talked of as not far distant.

Wasn't, however, those matters were settled, and the next order of business was to dress! Now, Lord Bruckenbury felt that hunger always on his own part would be unbearable. Not that he was even now in haste to marry but that it was inconsistent upon him, as an engaged man, to remain at Merridge Hall after his nineteenth birthday was a thing of the past.

CHAPTER XIV.
LIBERTY IS SWEET.

"Pray do not remind me of anything so disagreeable," said Miss Savage, with a horrified affectation of gayety. "I feel already as if I was a bankrupt."

"My dear Winifred," said Lord Bruckenbury, "you know quite well what I mean."

"O yes; mean when the contracts ceased when they sat down to supper with a coldness, and ere-rend it with respectful Miss Savage at the head of the table. It is dreadfully painful."

Having arrived half an hour earlier than usual, and being shown into an empty drawing-room, Lord Bruckenbury had the advantage out-of-doors. He found her in the orchard, sitting on the grass under a big pear-tree, with her dogs at her feet, and in her lap a volume of very Mississippi. It was a hot July afternoon, and the shade of the pear-tree was a space of delicious shade. The pretty lady, however, had risen at his approach, and they were now strolling slowly round the orchard.

"I mean nothing of the kind," said Lord Bruckenbury with his grave smile. "Sunday you must not say the contrary, Winifred. It is an expression altogether out of date."

"Aunt Phebe always says 'the ancients,'" replied Miss Savage. "It is very ugly. I am mad in a sort of date. I like to think of the ancients and Romans as anything but ancient—especially the Greeks. To me they are always young and beautiful, living under skies perpetually cerulean, and walking about in white robes that never look grubby after only get soiled or shabby. They should be called the immortals."

"Neither do I wish you to look upon me in the light of a Memorable Man," continued Lord Bruckenbury, taking no heed of this digression. "My object in remaining you is very simple."

"Don't remind me of it!—a woman is always sightseen till she is thirty," interrupted Miss Savage, quickening her steps in the direction of the house.

"Had we not better stay here?" said Lord Bruckenbury. "It is cooler than indoors, besides, I want to talk to you very particularly—about the future."

Miss Savage, after a moment's hesitation, resigned herself to inevitable fate.

"As you please," she said, tersely. "but I don't see the use of it. The present is what really concerns us. The future will take care of itself."

"I prefer to take care of my own future, replied Lord Bruckenbury. "and I hope, of yours. Shall we sit down here?"

They had passed out of the orchard into the garden—a woody, neglected, old-fashioned place, intersected by formal walks crossing each other at right angles between beds of lavender and rows of hollyhocks and sun-flowers. At the upper end, flanked by the rapid and left by a high wall covered with pears and nectarine trees, stood a quaint red brick summer-house, and in front of this summer-house, which was furnished with some uncomfortable rustic chairs and a table, a one-inch-on a broken-stalked stone pedestal told all the drowsy hours of they past. Here was here that Lord Bruckenbury proposed have already said once.

Miss Savage silently complied, and Lord Bruckenbury noticed that she was unusually pale.

"I fear you are tired."

"Oh no—thanks. I am not tired. But I suppose every one feels this sultry weather more or less."

Lord Bruckenbury got up, stationed a thermometer that hung on the wall, and declared that it registered 80° in the shade. remarked that English heat was more oppressive than Italian heat; sat down again and looked as if he did not quite know what to say next.

"If my father had lived a few months long-er," he said, presently, "he would, I suppose, by this time have had the happiness of calling you his daughter."

She made no answer.

"It would have been a great happiness to him; and he had been looking forward to it for many years. He loved you very much."

The tears rushed to Miss Savage's eyes.

"I loved him very much," she said, turning her face away. "He was the kindest friend I ever had."

Then there was apparently nothing which Lord Bruckenbury felt disposed for conversation.

"I am quite sure, Winifred," he said presently, "that you know what I am about to say as well as if I had already said it."

"Whether I do or not, my mind leave it stand—pray, leave it stand."

Lord Bruckenbury's brow darkened. Miss Savage was not want to be wilful; and at the very them words were spoken there was a vehemence that surprised and displeased him.

"That is impossible," he said. I can not yet settle a matter of great importance as to one of no importance at all."

Then, hesitating further, he said that the accession upon which a certain reluctance was possibly to impute on the part of the lady, and that his own views was not, perhaps, sufficiently lover-like, he offered more pure.

"It is time, dear, that we should have some definite terms for the future. I think of giving up my yacht, and spending the winter and all or an old-fashioned country gentleman. Meanwhile, what we have to do is for its interest, and I—and I for my wife."

Nothing could be less that he had pictured this little speech as he rode along, Lord Bruckenbury declared it with very proper emphasis, and even tenderness.

"Surely—surely it is too soon to think of these things," said Miss Savage in a low voice, with confusion, but with manifest distress.

"Too soon? It is almost a month."

"Nearly? Say, only."

Lord Bruckenbury hesitated. Was it really too soon, and should he have waited till the full year of mourning had elapsed? Was he presuming on what Miss Savage appeared to like? He weighed it for a moment in his mind, and then grew indignant in his own theory.

"Dear Winifred," he said, very gently, "I am not urging you to take any immediate step. Nothing is further from my thoughts. What I am sorry I used have to say to you in this matter I would not desire to have delayed by my looking upon another was the earnest wish of his heart; and he look forward to the fulfilment of it with—well knowing that it is what he would himself desire as to you. There is no one disrespectful. Of this I am convinced."

"The world would say it was disrespectful," said Miss Savage.

"I do not agree with you. I am quite sure the world would say nothing of the kind. And if it did, why should we care, or ought we to know that what we have done that?"

"But why think of it at all just yet? There is no need for haste. We are very happy as we are."

Here have, he broth, Miss Savage was right. There was really no need for haste. Lord Bruckenbury however quite well that he had brought their relations entirely to the point at which any one else to the parties fully has. He was pleasantly assured in Miss Savage's affection, and he was quite willing to wait very much longer for her. It was, indeed, wisdom, considered, to wait. Miss Savage would greatly increase her fortune by waiting a little longer. He was by no means in haste to get married. But he had, nevertheless, been brought to the point at which he felt that he must say something decisive to her. He answered her, therefore, in the same tone of affectionate confidence in which she had spoken to him.

CHAPTER XV.
HER CHOICE.

Lord Bruckenbury's face grew stern.

"I have reason to believe that Miss Longtry, whom I have always believed to be sincerely attached to you, has been playing you false."

"Oh, not that—not a grudge! Only it was a pretty piece of so many, many years, and quite forgotten was so bitter, and—what I do Sharpies believed was Aunt Hester's religion. Yet she is your friend, Cuthbert, in a sort of way. But I am not sure you understand it."

Lord Bruckenbury's face grew stern.

"I have reason to believe that Miss Longtry, having the old family quarrel with which you and I have nothing to do, and that, however she cannot forget it, yet we will forgive her. I am not sure that you understand it," he said. "And, moreover, I am believed that Miss Longtry deserved the marriage—instead is as much of merit as did my own father."

"She does!" replied the girl, warmly, "indeed she does."

"It is gratifying that she deserves it, you pre-pare for her sake to put it off indefinitely? This is bad logic, Winifred."

It may be the worst of logic—I dare say it is—but you don't realize what prospect is to me, Cuthbert," said Miss Savage, in a tone of desperation. "There is no other word for it. Why, I made and sent a bonfire-bush in the dairy. I—I am a sort of people's servant, and every grave mistake, and for birth in the dairy. I—I am a sort of people's servant, and every grave mistake, and so forth. How shocked you look! Don't be shocked. I use it—indeed I do. I am quite happy! I could not possibly be happier!"

Her voice broke. She was half laughing, half crying. Lord Bruckenbury had never seen her like this before.

"Dear child," he said, hurriedly, "you look to do that. I—I confess I had no idea that you—I mean that Miss Longtry—upon my honor, I hardly know what I mean."

"I am sorry I mislead you," she said, her self-control by a running effort. "I am ashamed to have given my like this. Do forgive me."

"I have nothing to forgive. On the contrary, I am glad to know the truth. Of this, however, I am certain, that nothing will be easier than to supply your place at the Grange. Your aunt's circumstances are not what they were when I was a boy. Miss Longtry will be glad to work out this problem. In the meanwhile—"

He paused, and looked at her keenly.

"Well, in the meanwhile, since they are happy, and that for the present you prefer to travel on in the old groove—am I right in saying you prefer it?"

"Oh, yes—quite right."

"And so—finally, then, that ends is your actual preference, shall we conclude to wait another seven months, Winifred?"

Miss Savage was silent.

"Shall we say a year from now?"

Lord Bruckenbury's tone implied it as absolutely, she would fain have resented to her free proposition. But she dared not do.

"Why fix a time—[illegible] yet?" she said. "Why not wait and—and see?"

"And see what?"

She was again silent.

"My dear Winifred, she cannot put off so important an event now do. It would not be convenient. It would not be just either to yourself, or to Miss Longtry, or to me. We must come to a definite consideration of some kind—distant, if you will, but definite. Will a year hence content you?"

She looked at him, with his earnest, fine face, and his keen, honest eyes, and then dropped her own. And now the hand of the dial-plate, and the only [illegible] was the ticking of the watch in Lord Bruckenbury's hand, with gentle monotony, and [illegible] it.

"Tell me how long I must wait for this—dear," he said. "I do not wish to be unreasonable. I will wait as long as you like—as long as—"

She looked at him, meaning earnestly to be sincere of the idea.

"If—if I might tell you what I wish!" she faltered, with an appealing look in her eyes.

"It is what I am asking you to do now."

"Then—then—I would say—if—if—if you were sure, and she listened to the end—"

"You must not be vexed with me," she said; "you must promise not to be vexed with me."

"I will not be vexed," said Lord Bruckenbury. "I think I can promise that."

"Then I wish—I would—we might go on like this, making no change, as long as—as Aunt Hester lives."

Lord Bruckenbury was silent from sheer astonishment.

"I am so necessary to her, and—and we are so happy—you have no idea how happy! I am so fond of her, and she is so fond of me, and I don't mean as regards her love for me—it is not that, although she is the best friend in the world, since Uncle Stephen's death; but I am so necessary to her, and she to me—I do so enjoy things for her that no one else could do—that it is so difficult to explain!"

"It is, indeed, difficult to explain how Miss Longtry should be injured by a marriage which would give us both the right to be by one to her," said Lord Bruckenbury.

"Of me!—of me to Aunt Hester! How little you know her! She is so proud—so proud no she is poor! She would not accept it!"

"My dear Winifred, that is absurd."

"It may be absurd, and it may be true. Besides, it would be your money, and—and though she did lend it hushed ever, she had never really forgotten—"

"Never really forgotten! What do you mean?" he interrupted, in a tone that Miss Longtry, whom I have always believed to be sincerely attached to you, has been playing you false."

"Oh, not that—not a grudge! Only it was a pretense of so many, many years, and quite forgotten was so bitter, and—what I do Sharpies believed was Aunt Hester's religion. Yet she is your friend, Cuthbert, in a sort of way. But I am not sure you understand it."

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